

The World

Published by The Press Publishing Company.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 23.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage)

PER MONTH.....30c.

PER YEAR.....\$3.00

VOL. 81.....NO. 10,694

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD TOWN OFFICE-1007 BROADWAY,

between 11th and 12th sts., New York.

BROOKLYN-350 FULTON ST. JARLEM-

New Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.

Advertisements at 25¢ per line.

PHILADELPHIA-PA.-Lancaster Buildings,

112 SOUTH 2ND ST. WASHINGTON-610

14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE-35 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFAL-

GAR SQUARE.

THE GATES TO OPEN.

It now seems probable that the west side of Stuyvesant Park will again be lighted by to-morrow night, and will, therefore, be again open to the people for whose use and benefit it is intended.

The prompt and united action of the Gas Commission at its meeting of this morning makes this result possible. There seems to be a little matter of red tape somewhere, but it should not and probably will not be allowed to stand in the way of this act of right and justice.

The necessary connections with the lamps can be made, according to the lighting company's representatives, within an hour after the order is received.

Don't delay the moment for that order.

NO TRIPE.

As if it were not joy enough to have Prince George of Wales hold forth promise of a visitation to Newport, here is another Prince who is coming here.

The Duc d'Orleans is going to visit America with his wife. Some enterprising newspaper man has had a "breezy chat" with him. Possibly the breeziness may have been due to the fact that the interviewer was a "blower," to lapse into a shaggy phrase of the vernacular.

Almo the last thing young ORLEANS said, and how breezy it is, was to ask as a favor that his American hosts would not feed him on tripe. The poor Duke said he had never in his life seen every day in prison for three months.

It is a slight favor, and we will grant it gladly, Prince. When we entertain you tripe shall not grace the sumptuous luxury of our board. Be happy again, dear boy. No tripe.

MORE FRIENDS OF THE SICK BABIES.

The parlors of the Tack-a-pou-sha House, at Far Rockaway, were brilliant with lights last evening, but the charity glowing in the hearts of the guests was a more brilliant and more warming light. It should shed its grateful beams far and wide, telling that the men and women who while away the sunny days of Summer by the blue sea are not absorbed in their own happiness to the forgetfulness of other's sufferings.

The entertainment was a very successful one, and adds a goodly sum to the Free Doctors' Fund for the Sick Babies. But the beautiful sport which was shown in more gratifying than the material results of these kind ladies' efforts.

Thanks, in the name of the sick babies.

The air-garden promises a great benefit to the citizens of New York, and one which will not interfere with the usefulness of the reservoir at Forty-second street. It is not often that a piece of the city works so dovetail into another. The stout walls of the reservoir are a ready-made foundation for the air-garden which should be placed upon them. Such an opportunity should not be neglected.

The Spiritualists will ask HANCOCK to pardon Rejo, the Grand Rapids medium, who is sentenced to jail for tampering with the mails. He read sealed letters by his mediumistic powers, the Spiritualists say, and if Hancock doesn't let him off he has no show for their votes. Mr. HANCOCK, do what is right even if the votes do go.

There is complaint that the rate for the transportation of peaches is too high. The public has some interest in whatever affects the price of this luscious fruit, as the public, that is, the peach-eating portion of the public, and that embraces nearly all of it, which has teeth, has to pay the piper in the end.

An iceberg four miles in length was passed in the northern latitudes. Now let the ice-man who picks up a large block of the crystal stuff with a pair of ice-hooks and an oil tank of that piece of ice and he will be comforted.

A man recently hanged himself with a fishing line. Was it a whole fishing line or a trout line? It makes a difference, you know—not for the hanging, but for the comfort of the act.

A man weighing seven hundred pounds recently expired. What a slow and troublesome thing it must be for so much meat to die!

Now we have got ice-cream inspectors. This is an age of progress.

Two Desperate Criminals.

Shugart—There goes a fellow who possesses every kind of vice. He is a carpenter. Swift—Ah! but he has just passed a man whose hands are literally seared in blood. He's our butcher.

Take Your Choice.

John—You can get the position if you can see somebody that can go on your paper. Smith—Which do you prefer, Willy Vandenberg or Jay Gould?

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Miss Catharine Westover, the private secretary of Commissioner Jettie, is a Rocky Mountain girl of varied talent and wonderful power. She has a fair knowledge of German, Spanish and French, sings well, is a crack shot and a daring horsewoman. She knows enough about geology and mineralogy to contribute to the scientific journals. She takes a dictation at the rate of one hundred words a minute and not make a single blunder, and she draws a salary of \$1,500 for four hours service a day. Briefly Miss Westover is one of the comely women of the mercantile world.

Parisian ladies devote special care to the choice of their parasol handles. According to their idea an elegant lady's parasol must have a perfectly original handle such as not possessed by any of her rivals. Wholesale dealers are of no value. There are ladies who even sacrifice their jewelry to this principle.

The quaintly built house in which Miss Middy Morgan, the stock reporter of the Times, resides is being decorated by the lady's young sister, Miss Jane Morgan, who has recently come from Munich to live on Staten Island. Being religiously disposed the parlor, pictures and stained glass designs parake of the ecclesiastical and there is an ethereal-like severity about all the interiors.

Jennie June is a strong advocate of pretty gingham and her Summer frocks abound in these cool cotton dresses. In place of the costly, perishable and semi-comfortable silks, pongees and crepons she prefers striped or plain white muslins belted with bright silk scarves.

Parisian ladies at present indulge in the delightful luxury of allowing their skirts to trail, and sweep and stir up the dust of the streets.

Here is a sweet system of bookkeeping that Mrs. Lingle advances in the *Kate Fretts* Present social conditions are pitifully hard, but even the poorest man lives in a network of the kindnesses which he has done or has received. For every friendship founded upon abstract mutual affection, there are ten based on some concrete benefit that you please like to the giver and the recipient. Read two columns "Kindnesses Done" and "Kindnesses Received," and, as you recall the incidents of your life, put them under one or the other. In a little while you will find in both columns the names of most of the people whom you have known, and you will begin to be conscious of the fine atmosphere of gratitude and mutual dependence in which we dwell. Then count how many of these things would have happened if none of the people had needed your help and you had had nothing to gain in your turn from any of them.

The close, straight skirt called the "sheath" and the slightly draped skirt have each of them a long following. The former is relieved by being slashed and having a row of buttons down the front, and the latter is a dress of a different color, but neatly. The draped skirt is raised a trifle on one or both sides to produce slightly waved folds on the front.

Complete costumes of plaid woollens are used only for morning dresses, or in very subdued colors for traveling or ordinary street wear, but combined with plain wool or silk the plaid form a desirable demitulle. Plaid silk is used in combination with plain silk of carefully selected and well balanced colors for handsome costumes.

Needlework collars appear upon many of the French vests, blouses and morning dresses of a cheap silk, sheer wool batiste and camel's hair.

Here is a recipe for chicken in cream: Select a plump, young chicken; clean it nicely and divide into pieces. Roast or broil in flour and fry to a golden brown. Arrange neatly on a dish and pour over it a dressing made of a cup of cream brought to the boiling point into which are stirred the beaten yolks of two eggs, salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon, being careful that it does not curdle or get too thick. Garnish with parsley, if liked, and serve at once.

Moderate returning from Paris say that low-throated bolices on day dresses are already in vogue, and that before the middle of next season they will be seen everywhere.

There were more than twenty neolotrope gowns in various tints and tones to be seen at a recent fashionable gathering out of town. One, a pale silver pink sleeveless, equal of the de la Chine combined with exquisite delicate lace of different colors, had a train. Another, of corded silk, had a jacket and sleeves embroidered in shades of the color. About two inches apart were scattered among the designs what looked like moonstones. The effect was novel and quite wonderful. It is said that in Paris these jeweled effects are much favored. Some women who delight in reckless expenditures and eccentric display are using real gems for the decoration of their evening bonnets, gowns and confitures in this fashion. The risk which attends such extreme ostentation is obvious.

SPOILERS.

There was a great scene between the Granddaddy and the other daddies yesterday.

Herbert, of the German Army, is the stuff that calumny is made of. Until calumny was a lady killer.

This will be a very week at Harrogate.

Safe burglary—those who lock and key.

Though he should all his men keep, he should be a good man to be a good man.

There is an Ayer season in Lowell in which they only grow Bostonians.

Never say die does not apply to last Summer's winter straw hat.

Now that young d'Orleans is coming over here with his lady he is developing a love for America.

It does seem a little curious to compare the cold this winter. But what is it?

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

"Bully" Clarke is among the prizefighters of the Philadelphia boat club. He killed over the Harlan in a single shot in which he was called the Atlantic States regatta.

C. J. Stevens is known as a clever handler of a horse. He will be among the competitors in the races of the American Horse & Saddle Association. He wears the colors of the New York Club.

AT FAR ROCKAWAY.

A Successful Entertainment Held for the Sick Babies.

Friends of the Little Ones Turned Out in Strong Force.

The Fund Now Reaching Towards the Third Thousand.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged \$2,457.34
From Titled Subscriptions.....2,457.34
From the Public.....100.00
Total.....\$2,557.34
To the Editor:
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund.

Two Little Helpers.

To the Editor:
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund.

Every Dime Does Good.

To the Editor:
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund.

Beatrice and Her Friends.

To the Editor:
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. in relation to the subscription for the Sick Babies' Fund.

FAH ROCKAWAY DID NOBLY.

The Tack-a-Pou-Sha House Entertainment a Grand Success.
Hurrah for Far Rockaway!
The Little Saratoga of the South Shore holds the palm for generous well-doing in behalf of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund.

Last evening's entertainment at David Roche's Tack-a-pou-sha House was a brilliant success, artistically, financially and socially.

It netted more than \$350 for the Free Doctors' Fund.

At 8 o'clock there were many of the 250 guests of the house lingering over their dinner in the broad and airy dining-room. At 8:30 a complete transformation had taken place. It had been done in a style and with a speed that would do credit to a Kiroly.

Everybody worked, and worked with a hand. Albinos C. Feeley, who is the handiest man alive, filling in any lacking part on the stage or turning stage carpenter, manager, scene-painter or property man, "hustled" the village carpenter, the hotel employees, THE EVENING WORLD reporter and any other poor unfortunate who chanced to come within the influence of his hypnotic powers.

Result: A stage twenty by thirty feet across the northern end of the handsome cherry-fitted dining-room, hung with the glorious Stars and Stripes at the rear and twenty fine barded curtains from Macy's, with improvised footlights of candles hidden behind shades of tin.

Meantime handsome James C. White and his corps of twenty waiters had cleared the polished floor of the dining tables and arranged the chairs, all the other chairs in the house, the lawn settees and as many seats as the Ocean House and the United States Hotel could spare in rows upon the floor, and at 8:40 the doors were opened to an eager throng of good people who had put their dollars in the slot and were getting supreme happiness for them.

Among them was School Commissioner Miller O'Brien, who, having purchased tickets of the committee and torn them up, had been about the neighborhood and gathered up a party of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen to partake of his hospitality in the distribution of twenty-five other tickets.

Then there was John Jacobs, next to the youngest and much the handsomest of the six little Jacobs Brothers, and the only bachelor in the well known family of tailors. Mr. Jacobs arrived at the Tack-a-pou-sha House at 7:30, got enthralled in behalf of the suffering babies of poverty and in half an hour had found among the cottagers and hotel guests eighteen ladies and gentlemen, his friends. He demanded a box and backed his call with \$25.

There was no box and he said he'd take it anywhere on the floor. Nineteen chairs were kicked-cornered at the left of the stage and Mr. Jacobs and the following friends occupied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hilborn, and Miss Josie Hilborn, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Haas and Miss Emily Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Fov, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wiener, Mr. and Mrs. L. Wiener, Michael Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. A. Aaron and Miss Aaron, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shoninger.

William E. Tenney, Dr. Constantine McGuire, Dr. John G. Moore, of New York, and Register John C. McGuire, of Brooklyn, formed one happy party.

Police Justices White and Murray took a bird's-eye view of the lobby, the families of each occupying seats within. Mrs. Murray, wife of Saint Murray, and family were present. Public Works Commissioner Tiffany was represented similarly, and there was Mrs. J. R. Horrocks, chaparring one pretty Summer girl; George Campbell and family, Martin B. Brown and family, Mrs. Dr. Weston, Mrs. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Bourne, John Dillman and a lady of ladies, W. P. Dickson, William McKenna, W. M. McGrover, James Cassidy, Farley Clark, John Cowden, S. J. Horton, Harry Rosenbaum, David Spiro, John Carney, Dr. Curtis J. Duane, John B. Hendrickson, Thomas Kavanagh, L. F. B. Smith, Theodore Bartol, each accompanied with ladies and children; Mrs. A. McCree, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Lord, Misses Re-

cock and Appleton, Mrs. Lesinsky, Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Moffett, Mrs. Morath, Mrs. Jackson and—then the crowd got so dense the reporter concluded that the only way to see accurately was to be there was to include all the cottagers at Wave Crest, Namook, Ocean Crest, Lawrence and Cedarhurst.

There was Francis Macnaughton, too, come over from Arverne-by-the-Sea, chock-full of enthusiasm and a disposition to work, and he, Andy McGuire, the real estate man of Far Rockaway, and Miss Nellie Roche did their best to seat the gathering.

At 8:50 the orchestra, which had come over from Zipp's Brooklyn Casino as volunteers, played an overture under the leadership of Adolph Kirchner, and then the entertainment began before an audience brilliant in the social aspect and representing wealth, business and charity.

Mrs. Emily Rayner, whose benevolence is marked in every lineament of her good face and intoned in every utterance, recited "My Husband and I," and to an encore the pathetic story of "Golden Hair."

A. C. Feeley, who had half an hour before been a hewer of wood and drawer of water, recited the German version of "Sheridan's Ride" in his own inimitable way, convincing the audience later with happy stories and songs.

Thomas J. Rayner, the unique humorist, gave illustrations of pulp fiction, showing the style of a half dozen eminent and well-known divines, and capping the climax by showing how the sermon looked and sounded to a deaf man.

The beautiful Jessie Oliver Feeley, mezzo soprano in the "Little Tuck" company, and who was with the troupe last year and at one time supported Dan Delay in "Upside-Down," and again was soloist of the Oakland Theatre, Boston, in the course of the evening sang "Marguerite," "Kitty Tyrrell" and Foster's "Good-Bye."

Miss Feeley was an instantaneous favorite, the audience persistently encoring her performance. Her voice is rich and melodious, and she sings with much feeling and expression.

"Man Proposes," the next number on the program, was put on in admirable style. Miss Marguerite St. John, whose rare beauty and winning ways make friends of all who come within their influence, was the Belle Huntington, and the audience were delighted with her.

So much has been said of late in praise of this talented young Englishwoman, that the public are pretty well acquainted with her. Miss St. John is the original of the maid in the famous painting, "The Maid with the Milking Pail," and for the latest thing in Angora cats and the latest quotations.

Her story of the village and its history is as follows: In 1840 a Miss Bernstein, a noted vocalist, gave an Angora kitten to a hotelkeeper, who kept it as a pet.

The cat was a little feline grew enormous and bushy tail furnished a most peculiar and comical display, but despite its persecutors this cat grew and finally died at the age of sixteen years after a life of unremitting sentimentality.

Down the other side of the little pond his honored grave to-day he could point with pride to a progeny so numerous that its members can be found in any State in the Union.

The mixing of the Angora characteristics with those of the mongrel cat has produced a superior sort of animal, which he sends to the market for sale as a "cat of the house" and a "cat of the house."

Next came Dot Clarendon and a rapturous audience. Dot arrived very late from the city, and explained her tardy appearance to the reporter with anxious eyes and motherly voice.

"My baby has got the measles! Poor little Blanchette! She hasn't cared a bit for mud pies since Saturday."

Dot, by the unanimous wish of the house, repeated her Arverne performance, doing "Lady Macbeth" in the sleepwalking scene; the "Death of Robin Redbreast" and "Lady Gay Spanker," and, as a matter of course, making every heart in the little theatre throb and swell with love for her baby self.

Miss Clarendon will create a new part next Winter in which she will sing and dance the Hungarian dance with Hubert Wilkie in "The Vagabond."

Fred Cecil Brooks, the clever young Englishman who made an American reputation in a little less than no time, sang his famous topical song. "When I'll Prove False to Thee," famous because, though he has sung it a thousand times, it was never twice alike. In response to persistent recalls Mr. Brooks played solos on the piccolo and mandolin.

Frank Lawton, who has a host of admirers as a farce and burlesque character, and who has turned his talent into legitimate comedy as Mr. Lightweight Boxer in Sol Smith Russell's new play, "A Tale of a Coat," once more good-humoredly tickled a Sick Babies audience clear through with his whistling, banjo and boules playing.

Every number on the programme went off with eclat, and the Far Rockaway people were happy, for the motive was a beautiful one.

Manager David Roche, who permitted the players to turn his beautiful Tack-a-pou-sha house upside down and top-sy-turvy in the cause of the suffering babies of misfortune, was one broad, beaming smile at the result.

The programmes, pretty specimens of the painter's art, were furnished by Cassidy's London Toilet Harar, of 29 East Seventeenth street and 25 West Twenty-third street, proprietors of Planta Beatrice and other toilet requisites.

During the entertainment George M. Wood, the genial and energetic actor who, by his management, brought this to a successful issue, stepped upon the stage and made an announcement that brought a storm of applause.

collect money enough to make the number of the extraordinary to Far Rockaway double the amount suggested by Mr. Downer.

In short, the Far Rockaway affair was a beautiful thing throughout, every citizen, cottager or hotel dweller down by the sea having a full heart and open purse.

STROKE OF FEMININE GENIUS.

Simple, but Effective, Plan to Prevent Barking One's Shins.

The man who says that women have not originally not only speaks untruth, but deceives himself, says the Washington Post.

Every one has had occasion to go through a room in the dark on more or less frequent nightly occasions when looking the back door had been forgotten or the officer of ice-water omitted from the nightly preparations for slumber, and every one knows how each individual piece of furniture in each dark room is well prepared to give the sharpest corners and the rocking-chair's twin projections, is colluded with.

All this is remedied by a device sustained by the stretch of hose from the knee to the ankle that is commonly called "shin," and is particularly sensitive because it has no flesh and is merely a coat of sensitive skin to protect it.

When open doors are run against the nose suffers.

Not here is a young Mrs. D., whose blue-eyed baby is a year and a half old, and not infrequently does Mrs. D. have to get up at night, go down stairs to the refrigerator and get milk for baby.

She does not say how often or how sorely she was hurt before her genius suggested the brilliant plan which she now wears, but she is really proud of her plan for getting unscathed through a well prepared room, and has imparted it to her lady friends.

It is too clever an idea to be lost, and its great merit is in its simplicity. The device is a piece of hose, about a foot long, and is used as follows:

In the dark one can see as well going backward as forward, of course. The lower limbs are, when going backward, well protected from the sharp corners of the more or less liberal pad of nurse at the calf, and heels are less sensitive than toes.

And if one is to run into the door the blow can be better borne on the back of the head than on the face.

Mrs. D. is a genius.

KING THOMAS, THE CAT.

Sweet Strains from the Feline Factory Hamlet, New Harmony, Ind.

The idea of a village that is largely given to the industry of breeding cats, being known as New Harmony furnishes additional proof of the non-applicability of some American names to towns, says the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Twenty miles from Evansville, Ind., lies this cat-manufacturing hamlet, which is becoming known far and wide as the place where one can at any time get the latest thing in Angora cats and the latest quotations.

Her story of the village and its history is as follows: In 1840 a Miss Bernstein, a noted vocalist, gave an Angora kitten to a hotelkeeper, who kept it as a pet.

The cat was a little feline grew enormous and bushy tail furnished a most peculiar and comical display, but despite its persecutors this cat grew and finally died at the age of sixteen years after a life of unremitting sentimentality.

Down the other side of the little pond his honored grave to-day he could point with pride to a progeny so numerous that its members can be found in any State in the Union.

The mixing of the Angora characteristics with those of the mongrel cat has produced a superior sort of animal, which he sends to the market for sale as a "cat of the house" and a "cat of the house."

Next came Dot Clarendon and a rapturous audience. Dot arrived very late from the city, and explained her tardy appearance to the reporter with anxious eyes and motherly voice.

"My baby has got the measles! Poor little Blanchette! She hasn't cared a bit for mud pies since Saturday."

Dot, by the unanimous wish of the house, repeated her Arverne performance, doing "Lady Macbeth" in the sleepwalking scene; the "Death of Robin Redbreast" and "Lady Gay Spanker," and, as a matter of course, making every heart in the little theatre throb and swell with love for her baby self.

Miss Clarendon will create a new part next Winter in which she will sing and dance the Hungarian dance with Hubert Wilkie in "The Vagabond."

Fred Cecil Brooks, the clever young Englishman who made an American reputation in a little less than no time, sang his famous topical song. "When I'll Prove False to Thee," famous because, though he has sung it a thousand times, it was never twice alike. In response to persistent recalls Mr. Brooks played solos on the piccolo and mandolin.

Frank Lawton, who has a host of admirers as a farce and burlesque character, and who has turned his talent into legitimate comedy as Mr. Lightweight Boxer in Sol Smith Russell's new play, "A Tale of a Coat," once more good-humoredly tickled a Sick Babies audience clear through with his whistling, banjo and boules playing.

Every number on the programme went off with eclat, and the Far Rockaway people were happy, for the motive was a beautiful one.

FIGURING ON "L" TICKETS.

How 600,000 of Them Are Distributed, Sold and Chopped Daily.

City Hall Station Receipts \$1,000 a Day—Interesting Statistics.

Did it ever occur to the reader that the announcement "600,000 passengers carried daily on the Elevated roads" which states at you from its corner in any "L" card affords an opening for many very interesting calculations?

In the first place it means that more than one-third of the population of this big city takes a ride on the "L" cars every day of their lives.

Pretty school-girls, and laborers in mortar-covered overalls, lawyers and salesmen, doctors, priests, boys and old men; Turks, Chinamen, Italians; people of every age, and from every walk of life. And each one of the 600,000 thousand persons must first purchase a little pink ticket at the ticket in the station, and drop the slip into the glass-hoppered "chopper-box" at the door before he can become a passenger.

These tickets are insignificant little formalities, an inch wide and two inches long. They come to the ticket seller in strips, perforated between the tickets, and the total number of tickets annually torn off and sold by the agents averages 216,000,000.

Left attached and stretched like a surveyor's tape along the tracks of the New York Central Railroad, the tape would pass up along the Hudson to Albany, turning there and tracing the Mohawk up to Utica, pass through Rome, Syracuse and Auburn and reach almost to Rochester.

A hundred of the tickets make a package an inch thick, and the tickets sold in a year, if corded up completely, would make a wall five feet high, 2 feet thick and 200 feet long.

These tickets